



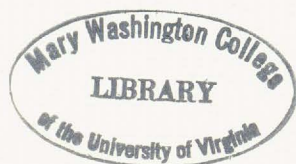
*Epaulet*

# MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE

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*THE EPAULET* is pleased to publish four sonnets by Valerie Worth Bahlke, wife of Mr. George Bahlke of the English Department. Mrs. Bahlke, a graduate of Swarthmore College, has published a short story in *NEW WORLD WRITING*, No. 7. This winter one of her poems will appear in *ROUND TABLE PRESS ANTHOLOGY*.

## SONNETS FROM ELEMENTAL

Valerie Worth Bahlke

### XIII

From this high room the night becomes a sea  
Bound like a winding sheet about the world;  
All my dead words are beaten back to me  
From caves of mouths through which their sounds are hurled.  
I know another man who stands above  
The tide, and shakes his angry fist at night;  
Invokes the sun, and like a sun can love  
Himself in utter heat and ultimate light.  
But I have hands that cannot make a fist  
Or grapple with their own life-lines engraved  
Upon the palm; my fingers sore have missed  
Another's touch, by which they might be saved.  
I might be drowning with the power to swim,  
Still cry for help if it would come from him.

### XVIII

Movement is life as stillness is a death  
In flesh, where falls the eloquence of blood  
Whose heat once leapt on tongues, as sudden breath,  
Toward mastery over the unmastered flood.  
Winds carry bird-song far across a plain  
Unwatered, lift the new-born wail up skies  
Of crystal, but their burden is the rain  
That batters nests down, drowns the world in cries.  
Bearing voices, winds curl into storms  
Abated only with a drought of words  
Or by one word unspoken to all forms  
That sink despairing, plains, infants, or birds:  
That cry of air itself, moving too fast  
For cloud to smother or for rain to blast.

He is not dressed in gold, he is a fire  
 Naked, and the garments of his breath,  
 Where flames go brave in loose-fitting attire,  
 Flow down the universe to smother death.  
 None shall find him robed in wool or leather,  
 Yet woven day is warm as tapestries  
 Whose bloodless veins set thread against foul weather.  
 Stitch ancient flesh with immortalities.  
 Nobler than such pelts as ermine give  
 To suffer royal trimming, his fine cloth  
 Unrolls as sheets to where bared creatures live,  
 Sustains in bolts of light each man or moth.  
 He will not shrink to beggar what he owns:  
 All mortals wear sun's livery on their bones.

LIV

How should he know he is a lesser sun,  
 That azure giants stride the miles beyond  
 His sphere, and smile to see dwarfed planets run  
 In circles round the feet of one so blond?  
 They dart like gnats of summer from his hand,  
 Swept to the tune of foreign galaxies  
 That seem but dust in his own golden land  
 Where Jupiter obeys, Mars sues for peace.  
 It matters not that distance tells the lie  
 Of blind perspective, or that space denies  
 The influence of greater fires that fly  
 As eagles in his apiary skies.  
 His lesser light is life, his rays are kind,  
 Who lives beneath that benison must not mind.



# Sadie and the Idealists

Carol Livingstone '62

From the mouth of the cave where they sat, they could see the ocean of the sunlight lapping on the rocky ledge in front of them and stretching far, far into the distance, presenting the panorama of the desert as a sort of underwater scene bathed in ripples of heat. On the horizon, a lovely white cloud mushroomed lazily on a stalk from the ground, looking for all the world like the innocent spouting of a whale. The dull roar that met their ears a few moments later seemed only the sound of the sun's ocean.

Sadie shrank back against the mouth of the shelter, trembling, and clutched the brown paper bag in her hands. The bag contained two salami sandwiches and a piece of Danish pastry. That, and the pincushion strapped to her wrist, the instrument of her trade, had been the only two things she could save when the panic began. But there were others with her. And one of them was speaking.

"... completely wiped out. That must be the last of them." She turned to view the speaker, a knobby betweed man with a cold meerschaum in his hand. He did not look at her. "Suppose we introduce ourselves. I am George Hartworth," he continued blandly, "head of the English department at the University. And you—?" He was eyeing with some interest a vaguely familiar-looking, quite beautiful redhead beside him. Sadie was sure she recognized her, although for some reason she would have expected the lovely woman to be a blonde.

"Gloria Hunt," the creature replied slowly, smoke scrolling from a cigarette in a jade holder. Pausing a moment, graciously, for the gasps of recognition, of which Sadie's was the loudest, she continued. "Of course this isn't at all what I had expected today, but I'm rather glad, in a way.

The world was in a dreadful stew, wasn't it?"

"Oh, quite," Hartworth replied. "But of course, we now have the extraordinary privilege of starting everything all over. And, profiting from the previous mistakes, we shall do a much better job of it. For one thing, we shall have a universal language. It's something I've wanted to see for a long time in the world. Just think of the closeness of spirit, of the efficiency which can be derived from everyone's speaking English!"

"Closeness of spirit!" Miss Hunt exclaimed, almost (but not quite) losing her mask of implacability. "Just what I had in mind. The people of the new era shall be, by my contribution, always quite close to each other, living from the soul—hiding nothing! Nothing!" She paused, her brow furrowing slightly. "Therefore there shall be no evil gossip, no slander. How I despised the wagging of evil tongues!"

Sadie remembered an incident the previous December, denied fervently by both Miss Hunt and her agent, but played on the front pages of all the papers. She glanced at the entertainment queen; she was still sitting with her brow wrinkled and a vindictive gleam in her eye, lost in the still-painful past.

"Hummm . . . Let us hope that there shall be none of that in the ages to come," spoke the corpulent man, seated at the rear of the cave. He shifted a small granite statue from one arm to the other. "Nothing that man does, short of murder, is really evil. All this other fol-de-rol begins with the inhibiting, hovering parents. Posterity shall know nothing of that. If we begin by untying the children from the home at an early age, by putting them in a school where there is a total lack of restriction . . ."

"And an hour of truth," put in Miss Hunt,

"And two hours a day devoted to the beauty of words," continued Hartworth,

"The world will be simply beautiful!" finished a metallic-looking

woman in gentian-hued nylons. "But one thing that will not be repeated this time. Woman will not have to fight, as she did last time, for the right to be equal. If it is true that we are the last survivors, of which you seem so very positive . . ."

"It is unmistakable," the corpulent gentleman asserted. "This is the last haven between the final arena of battle and the coast. And you know that the other continents have presented no possible threat for years." Sadie shuddered.

" . . . If it is true," the metallic woman continued, "then we women are in an excellent position, at last, for insisting upon our rights. Otherwise," she smiled, looking across the cliff toward a distant running stream, . . . "otherwise we will simply withdraw completely. And *then* where will you be?"

"Good heavens!" Hartworth put his head in his hands. "Not Lysistrata again!"

Sadie stirred uncomfortably. She understood nothing of this, but there was one thing she had not heard mentioned. She ventured timidly, "But what shall we eat?" No one heard her speak. They were looking at a bearded man with a battered tin box resting on his folded knees. He was gesturing wildly.

"All the arts will be state-subsidized!" he shouted. "Not controlled, mind you, but unconditionally subsidized. Do we take money from the government's *d e f e n s e* department when there is a war? NO! Perhaps they have made a mistake, but because of this they need help more than ever. Will we withdraw the arts—subsidies when art is bad? NO! We shall pour in more and more—no more starving—no more cut-off ears—never—he trailed into incoherent mutterings.

Hartworth held up his hands for silence. "Now let us keep our heads," he implored. "We must keep our heads. There has to be a plan. First of all, of course, there is the question of exploring. Of course there can be no one left, but there may be valu-

able materials in the cities for our new civilization. We shall go in different directions, salvage everything worthwhile, and return here immediately."

"Shouldn't we go in pairs?" asked the blue-stockinged lady.

"No, no," declared the corpulent man, "there are only five of us. You can see how feeble a start two-and-a-half parties would be. We must all go in different directions. Has anyone any idea where we are?"

No one had. But they rose to go, each one placing his belongings carefully at the rear of the cave, and moved toward the ledge of the cliff.

Sadie clutched at the professor's elbow. "Wait!" she cried, emboldened by fear. "What about me?"

Hartworth noticed her with surprise, as if there were an inexplicable cobweb clinging to his elbow. "Oh—er—you can—can just stay here and see that nothing happens to our cave, my dear." He winked drolly at the artist.

Sadie watched them clambering down the steep, rocky path and scattering in all directions. Cupping her hands to her mouth, she cried, "But don't forget to see about food!"

They did not hear. Heads high, each of the idealists marched toward the hovering clouds on the surrounding horizon, on which each of them saw the rising towers of his new civilization, shimmering in the blazing afternoon sun.

Sadie leaned wearily on her hand. The sun had risen and set twice since the departure of the others, and now she knew that they would never return. The salami sandwiches and the Danish pastry hadn't kept her from hunger for long. Sighing, Sadie wished that she had had a beautiful mind like those which had so recently awed her. She pulled a safety pin from her pincushion, tied it to a string from her skirt, and, with a bit of salami swinging dejectedly on the string's end, proceeded slowly in the direction of the distant stream, which seemed to be flowing from solid rock. . . .



# ANT TRACINGS

Patricia Donahue '63

## I

He floated swiftly beneath the silt-slick of the factories  
on the low summer river:  
a crimson maple twig  
at a time when others lay flat and bland  
when others were such as the frog in the mire  
watching silently; whose sage eye frightened the dreamer  
with its silent wisdom:  
At a time when a jay-cock screamed  
'round the earth:  
Thief, thief, leave, STRANGER!  
Stranger . . .

At a time when weeds, low waters  
clogged the way  
and, oh, the muskrat  
rippled 'neath the grease-glare  
and bottomed-up to crack  
the foul water's even hold  
and splash the murky swamp hangings.

Then he slid, a maple leaf,  
a brilliant crimson maple leaf,  
under the surface, fallen from the aspiring maple.

## II

They say he is a gentleman—  
"An up and coming man—a shining light."  
Yes, a gentleman—truly a gentle man . . .  
(A handsome, boyish, happy-go-lucky guy  
in that slender lapel.)

With the squabbling talk, talk, talking of the birds  
screened with the piping of the morning  
milk truck up the sun-dotted tar  
he whistles with the milkman and watches—  
hears the empty milk crates on the curb—  
and whistles—

Pleasantries he murmurs—gentlemanly  
senseless, warm words  
that strike the water-flag as would  
the discussions of an ant—  
"It's nice to have Spring's greenness  
now to blend with the warm new air . . ."

mmmm . . .  
that little smile that bends the world concave  
twists the mouth secretly,  
the eyelash demurely . . .

Too, gentlemanly: concern,  
the worried frown that makes the forehead smile . . .  
"Of course you do . . ."  
that smile . . .

Through books' pages,  
with the sound of a paddle resting still;  
and in the casual brush of a lilting maple's leaf-curtain  
on the water  
comes that smile . . .  
And trees rustling at evening  
seem of many shy lashes . . .  
gently.

陌

## *Paths Among The Rice Fields*

Lucy Wu '60

*On a green sheet of paper, I aimlessly directed  
my pen.*

*So, like a creator, I created some tiny paths  
amongst a green pasture of rice-fields. . . .*

*On the paths between the rice-fields, I sprinkled  
a pinch of sugar, as if planting some magical seeds.*

*Then, leaning on the desk, I fell asleep.*

*Awakening, I found two black columns progressing  
along the paths.*

*Oh! It was them—the ants—my brave and  
industrious farmers.*

*They were busily harvesting in the fields.  
I watched and watched . . . and, I smiled!*

By Lin Shaw

Translated from Man Tan Monthly  
September Issue, No. 174



## KING LEAR

*Sue Whidden '60*

The old kind king is gone.  
He  
And she  
Are dead.  
"Prithee, nuncle," says the Fool,  
"Be silent.  
"Misfortunes turn our hearts  
"Topsy-turvy—;  
"They know us not."  
Act not in hope —  
Where he failed, so shalt thou.  
And singing  
Swing upon the branch of all-forgot,  
And end the play.



# BALLAD

*Alice Schneider '61*

Two fine ships on the open sea,  
A brother captained each.  
One dream the hearty kinsmen shared —  
A golden shore to reach.

But months were plagued with Hell's own sun  
Or cold and beating rain,  
Til Kent the Younger and his men  
Cursed the sought-for main.

"Now keep we to the charted course!"  
Kent the Elder cried.  
His brother swore by saints and stars,  
Still sailed they side by side.

"Land 'head!" The crews rejoiced as one  
Shouting joy full measure.  
Fair isle it was, its very shores  
Were glistening with treasure.  
"Ye'll take your ship around yon point,"  
Then spake the elder one.  
"If all goes well ye'll bring me in  
Before tomorrow's sun."

A single craft through darkening eve  
Moved 'cross the turquoise bay  
Toward a cove upon whose banks  
A silver mist did play.

In all the crew 'twas not a man  
But loved the beauteous scene  
And strained to reach the jeweled bank . . .  
Nor knew what it did mean.

And gaining shore the shipmates rude  
Were cleansed in vaporous light  
Which rested softly on the isle  
As though it knew not night.

Young Kent was last to step aground  
And, thereon, felt a calm  
Sweep him through e'en to the heart  
As though the mist were balm.

With dreamlike peace he watched his men  
Move separately away.  
Nor thought he of a ship that waited  
Signal from the bay.

But wandered he through misty glades  
Until upon the shore  
The sea in rising falling beats  
Heard Younger Kent once more.

A house of shells and soft white sand  
Beside the dunes built the  
With open door to face the land  
And windowless wall, the sea.





*"Let this pressure of the hand say . . .  
what is inexpressible."*

*Goethe*









# ARRIVAL

*Carroll McRoberts '62*

The last days of August were dry, gusty. Despite our proximity to the beach, the air was heavy with brown dust, decadent mulch, and brittle flecks of pine needles. Yesterday, tho', the hot winds died. Northeasterly winds replaced them with mountainous marble clouds which assembled rapidly and regimentally against that peculiar indigo of the heavens. It's always like that before the fury of a northeaster.

Rosa and I were alone in the house. We hurried thru the monotony of drilled precautions—stripping the porch, checking doors and windows, and then she returned to her ironing and I to my reading. Rosa called me back into the den with her. I tried in spite of her chatter to keep my thoughts on the book in my lap. She was tense, and, as her large black hands slid on with her work, I sensed the hot wire of her nerves. I stopped to listen. Again she told me the story of her life—which became more stage-worthy, of course, with each return. It was in any case a drama. She had often spoken of Joe, her husband, who'd at last been taken off to prison after a solid murder rap had been brought against him. He must've been quite a character, to hear Daddy tell it. He'd had something to do—tho' I don't know exactly what—with sending Joe up. It was quite a story in its time, and Joe had sworn he'd get out some day and 'get' my father. In fact, every once in a while we'd receive an unsigned postcard with simply 'I remember you' scrawled on it—whereupon both Mother and Rosa would go into a state of relapse for a week or so. Well, as I said, Rosa would either elaborate on Joe's maniacal brutality, or tell the most awesome fabrications she said were dreams. Yesterday she spoke in her dark dialect on a particular tale involving both. There was a hypnotical rhythm, a poetry, even, in the way

she spoke this myth-miracle horror. Last night she'd seen Joe's face thru a screen—more real to her than when she'd last visited him eight years ago. She'd seen a white woman's face, heard herself scream, and then blood—blood all over everything.

It had grown quite chill, and the colored woman's gruesome topic was not one for awaiting the violence of a northeaster. Her voice had reached a tight pitch, and blisters were forming on my nerves. I excused myself to do the grocerying, and just made the car as the storm broke. Pulling out of the drive, I caught a rain-distorted view of Mrs. Leigh turning onto the front walk. Relieved that I had missed the garrulous old thing, yet feeling worms of guilt for sneaking away, I eased the old car out over the gravel. I recall smiling a little at this. It was very like tiptoeing midst the Normandy Invasion. She couldn't have heard in the smashing rain and thunder.

As I felt my way cautiously down the narrow, rutted roadpath through the swaying woods, lightning splashed in a great electric pool. I suddenly felt sick. Thoughtless, I grated into reverse, and the Buick labored backward. The surge of water made vision a ridiculous whim. I strained my neck out the window to try. I stopped, and ran nearly blind into the marshes of our yard. Even before I heard the scream or the wild slap of the screen door, I knew I was much too late.

## THE CLOCK

*Timmi Pierce '62*

The reflection in the mirror was not kind, but then reality never was. She had learned that eighteen years ago when the world had suddenly turned around and started backwards.

Love was new, love was life, but love soon vanished, and all she had was a husband she did not want, an insurmountable loneliness, and an insatiable addiction to novelty. She no longer had the husband (she had even had another since then), she no longer had the burning desire for newness, but the loneliness was still there. . . .

There was some comfort in the fact that a mirror could not reflect the inner as well as the outer self, she thought. The time had long since ceased to be when her emotions had traced sketches on her face: life had taught her that was not good. She frowned slightly into the mirror, then turned away.

From the mantelpiece, the clock struck a strident half hour, but time mattered little now. Time was just an evil to be done with quickly—like a bad play. But the clock, with its pointed mahogany spires and ornate hands, reminded her of something that she could not quite clarify. Her mind groped frantically for the elusive memory; she could feel what she was searching for nearing the edge of recognition. If only the clock would strike again, the memory come back. She switched off the overhead light and made her way, in the dark that she was so accustomed to, to her bed. "Wait, wait, wait—wait for love, wait for happiness, wait for the chime of one miserable clock," she thought. The thought did not disturb her, for it was an old thought with little truth in it; she was waiting for death—alone.

The memory returned so quickly with the awaited chime that she gasped. That woman in France she had seen at one of the outdoor cafes, the Frenchwoman with the dark hair and lifeless eyes who had sat one whole afternoon at the white metal table drinking cognac. "I couldn't have been more than ten," she thought. "I was with Mother that day, and every time we passed by the woman was there. I was afraid, for she never moved. But I couldn't tell Mother; she would have laughed

at me." She lay on her back and remembered, remembered the last time she had seen that woman. It had been nearly dinner-time, the cathedral bells had just rung seven, when the living statue had become animated. She had lurched silently to her feet—still grasping the green, slender bottle—and fallen dead across the table top. The police had arrived immediately, but the folds of a mother's skirt could not obliterate the sight from her tortured mind, nor could her mother's soft words of reassurance drown out the screams of terrified patrons or the harsh commands of the police. That night she had prayed for understanding of His ways, but no answer came. And no mention was made of the tragic incident again.

"That must have been when I stopped believing in God," she thought. "Yes, that was when I began to think that someone would eventually tell me that God was like Santa Claus; He just didn't exist." God and Santa Claus . . . she laughed the meaningless type of laugh one only uses when alone, but inside she was afraid . . . and alone. There was no one to whom she could turn; the ties of home had been cut abruptly long ago; her faith in people had died with her first divorce, leaving her not unfriendly, but distant. Since she had no God, she would have no Heaven. This fact kept her from self-destruction. Since she had no unity with another being, she had no life. "I don't want to live, I don't want to die," she thought, and brushed a stray lock of hair wearily from her forehead. If she could have wept away years of failure and sorrow—but tears had dried within, leaving nothing but a barren wasteland for a soul.

She sighed and sat up. The bottle was somewhere on the nightstand; her trembling hand located it from the darkness. She gazed pensively at the street lamp outside the half opened windows. The fog had turned its every beam into one long rain-bow; she laughed again, for she

(Con't on page 18)





*Still Life*

*Jane Waln '61*

## THE SCAPE

*Natalie S. Robins '60*

### I

I left the boat and walked the island,  
not knowing of the beach's shadow.  
I sandwalked until light had rounded:  
a flock had disappeared.  
nearing rainshells, I stopped  
to learn their shadow.  
"place the hand to shores of other light,"  
the island rayed.  
I answered with a move towards the other shore.

### II

I passed across the newpath ridge,  
not caring for the beach's shadow.  
I removed the mist of the lake  
until I saw the visitor:  
the hand of island's Song.  
nearing the end of walk, I learned the-stretch:  
"a flock of shadow is the other shore,"  
I answered with a move towards Sea.



# Eagle

Natalie S. Robins '60

*(This poem won second prize in the Florence Dickinson Stearne Memorial Contest of the Poetry Society of Virginia.)*

the crowd all one tonight:  
mourning the death of an eagle.  
stillness grown within a statue  
that last night seemed so strong,  
alone in a room to cry  
for the world.  
you see my child things are not done that way.  
the all important search is broken down:  
into worldly droplets.  
onetwothree.  
crowded into you today.  
a stilled statue this night:  
until the next tomorrow.

## THE DAY GOD DIED

Ruth Cochran Catlin '60

The amber left the sunset's glow  
and love left heart and soul  
And robot bodies rust and mold  
without God grace and giving,  
Left to live, but not to know.

Carbon copies, patterned people,  
Bound and bonded brutes of body  
Buy the bishop, gild the steeple;  
steal the silver to sauter a symbol—  
whose shine will shield some sin,  
then convert more Godly men  
whose heathen hymns end not "Amen."

The Eternal Existence ended unheeded.  
Funeral fires fanned not nor flamed.  
Empty heart felt not, being hollow,  
unfilled, fathomless, shallow,  
Since centuries sleeping when senselessness sprang  
the sperm of spurn, the ovary of empty oblation  
And grew with getting within Wanting's womb.

The House missed not its humble host  
Not Father, Son, nor Holy Ghost.  
Chants chanted, chimes chimed, prayers prayed  
Painted pictures of penitance on Smiling Sinners  
Singing self-imagined salvation—  
Repentence replaced by repetition.

## The Clock

(Con't from page 15)

knew there was no pot of gold. All night long she gazed at the light and drank from the bottle with never a thought of the next day . . . only of the past.

The bells of the cathedral clock across the way were striking noon when the child from the next apartment knocked on her door. The girl stood with a ten-year-old's impatience on one foot waiting for an answer. Finally she opened the door and went in.

Her mother heard her cry out.

The police had arrived immediately, but the folds of a mother's skirt could not obliterate the sight from her tortured mind, nor could her mother's soft words of reassurance drown out the screams of terrified patrons or the harsh command of the police. That night she prayed.

## VISIT

*Natalie S. Robins '60*

I would like to refer to my two weeks at The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference as my summer "visit to a small planet"; the conference seemed almost a fantasy. The continuous "meeting of minds" was so implicit and so sincere that it seemed unreal. It was like detaching oneself from the "real" world for a time.

One does not learn how to write at Bread Loaf, but rather one learns his potential—and he grows. He also gains a new sense of discipline—something which is often lacking in young writers. He also can learn to establish a suitable balance between the "real" and "unreal" worlds he so labels. The conference also provides the necessary stimulation and encouragement needed by the young writer

for the continuation of his work.

One receives a glance into the "practical" world of writings—another facet which the young writer would prefer to overlook. The young idealist believes he is writing for a universe which does not understand him—but he learns a kind of practicality—and he realizes that if he does have something important to say he *can* be understood by his fellows.

The Bread Loaf campus is situated amidst the glorious Vermont mountains—twelve miles from Middlebury. It is a true literary retreat. The environment is indeed conducive to lecture series, informal discussions, and workshops. The wonderful intellectual aura evoked by all the people concerned is the true essence of the conference.

The staff, headed by John Ciardi, was made up of Nancy Hale, Ralph Ellison, Richard Gehman, William Meredith, George Barker, William Raney, Walter Teller, Hollis Summers, and William Sloane. Special lecturers included Robert Frost, Richard Wilbur, Theodore Morrison, Dan Wakefield, and William Hazlett Upson.

The members of the conference ranged from the serious, established writer to the young eager one. I shall always remember the lasting impressions so many of the people left on me. I particularly remember Bienvenido Santos, who had recently left his post as president of a university in the Philippines to accept a Rockefeller grant in creative writing at Iowa State University. Mr. Santos possessed a "poet's quick insight"—he was able to give and to receive the type of understanding which could bring about true communication among mankind.

There were three morning and usually two afternoon lectures during the session. In the evenings, lecture topics varied—one evening Nancy Hale spoke on Hemingway—another, John Ciardi spoke on *Dante's Inferno* (which he has translated). Physically and mentally it was im-



possible to attend all the lectures—so various interims were used for mountain hikes, and other informalities. One could never really be tired in the Vermont surroundings—even a single glance into the landscape brought a cherished contentment.

In the short time of the conference I could feel myself gain (what I shall refer to as) a “sense of Steadiness.” I felt certain ideas blend together to form a balanced unit.

I have always believed that the bond of silence holds sacred communication. At Bread Loaf my belief was reaffirmed. I learned so much from what was left unsaid. I gained so much from that peculiar silence that often occurs during conversation.

A simple truth constantly repeated at Bread Loaf was this: “know the basic rules—then improvise.” The artist uses previous rules “that have worked” as a guide. I do feel, however, that the artist creates his own rules and that he is free to disregard previous rules if he feels his own are superior. The artist *must* be aware that there *are* such things as basic rules. William Raney has said, “there are no rules—there is form.” The distinction makes all the difference in creativity.

I have a notebook filled with wonderful quotes and I would like to share them with my readers. I think that they form a fitting conclusion.

“Free verse is like playing tennis with the net down.”—Robert Frost

“A writer is in competition with himself and is not in competition with other writers.”—Walter Teller

“A poem is a momentary stay against confusion.”—Robert Frost

“A poet who is not mad has no right to be called a poet.”—George Barker

“Characters exist to be believed, not to be explained.”—Theodore Morrison

“The artist is modest about his relation to his work, but he is not modest about his work.”—William Meredith

“Geniuses have a way of taking care of themselves. We don’t have to

worry about genius—the thing we have to worry about is talent.” Walter Teller

“Keep a journal—it never interferes with any other kind of writing.”—William Meredith



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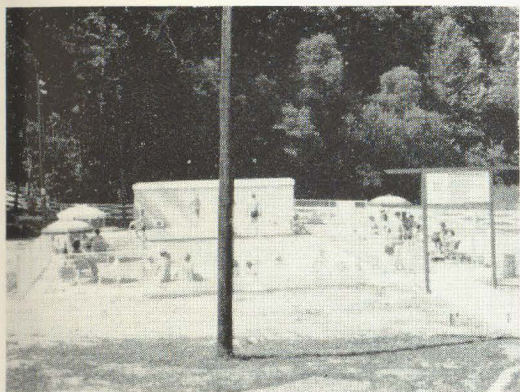
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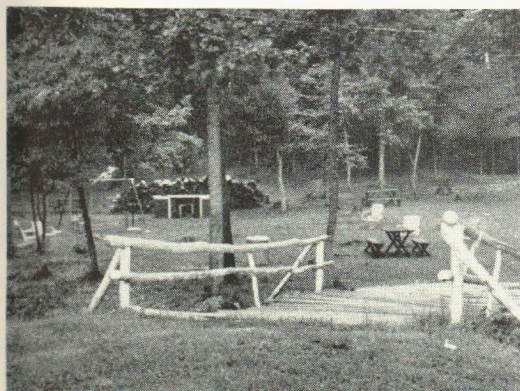
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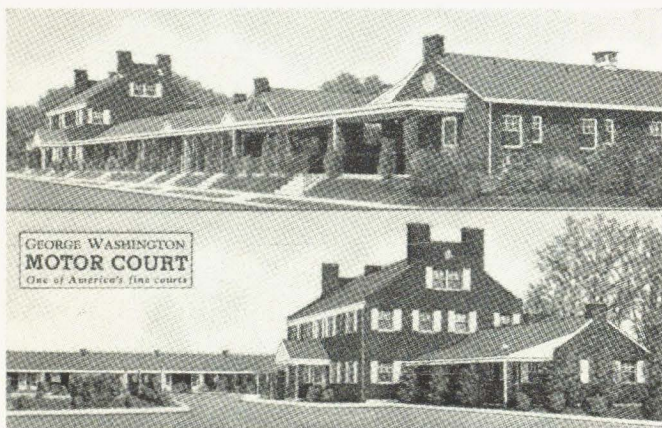
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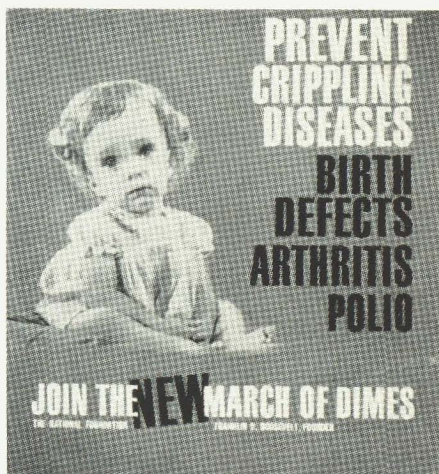
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